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Memorial Addresses on the Life and character of James Phelan, a Representative from Tennessee

Washington, 1891.

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James Phelan

51ST CONGRESS, 2d Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { MIS. DOC. No. 135.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JAMES PHELAN,

A REPRESENTATIVE FROM TENNESSEE,

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS, SECOND SESSION.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

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1891.

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CONCURRENT RESOLUTION TO PRINT THE EULOGIES UPON JAMES PHELAN.

Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring), That there be printed of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon the late JAMES PHELAN, a Representative in the Fifty-first Congress from the State of Tennessee, 12,000 copies, of which 3,000 copies shall be for the use of the Senate, and 9,000 copies shall be for the use of the House of Representatives; and the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, directed to have printed a portrait of the said JAMES PHELAN, to accompany said eulogies. That of the quota to the House of Representatives the Public Printer shall set apart 50 copies, which he shall have bound in full morocco with gilt edges, the same to be delivered when complete to the family of the deceased.

Agreed to in the House of Representatives February 28, 1891.

Agreed to in the Senate March 3, 1891.

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PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DEATH.

FEBRUARY 7, 1891.

Mr. MCMILLIN. Mr. Speaker, the sad duty devolves upon me of announcing to this House the death, in Nassau, whither he had gone in quest of health, of Hon. JAMES PHELAN, a member of Congress from the Tenth district of Tennessee—a ripe scholar, a pure patriot, a noble statesman. I will at an appropriate time ask the House to take further steps in commemoration of his merit. At present I offer the following resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow and deep regret of the death of Hon. JAMES PHELAN, late a Representative from the State of Tennessee.

Resolved, That a committee of seven members of the House, with such members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy to the family of the deceased.

The resolutions were agreed to.

The SPEAKER *pro tempore* subsequently announced as members of the committee Mr. Washington, Mr. McRae, Mr. Wickham, Mr. Enloe, Mr. Stockbridge, Mr. Montgomery, and Mr. Coleman.

Mr. MCMILLIN. I ask the consideration of the following resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the Sergeant-at-Arms be directed to take proper action for superintending the funeral ceremonies of the late Mr. PHELAN, the expense so incurred by him to be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

The resolution was agreed to.

Mr. MCMILLIN. I also offer the following resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the House do now adjourn.

The resolution was agreed to.

Accordingly (at 4 o'clock and 45 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until Monday, February 9, 1891, at 11 o'clock a. m.

EULOGIES.

FEBRUARY 18, 1891.

Mr. MCMILLIN. If the gentleman will indulge me for a moment, I wish to submit a matter of which I think he will see the eminent fitness. I ask for the present consideration of the resolution which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER *pro tempore*. The gentleman from Tennessee asks unanimous consent for the present consideration of the resolution which the Clerk will read.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That Friday, February 27, 1891, beginning at 3 o'clock p. m., be set apart for paying tribute to the memory of Hon. JAMES PHELAN, late a member of the House of Representatives from the Tenth district of the State of Tennessee.

Mr. MCKINLEY. What hour does the resolution fix?

Mr. MCMILLIN. Three o'clock.

Mr. MCKINLEY. Would not the gentleman think it would be as well to make it 4 o'clock.

Mr. MCMILLIN. I have already fixed it one hour later than the usual hour.

Mr. DINGLEY. I think it ought to be 4 o'clock.

Mr. MCMILLIN. I hope there will be no insistence on making it 4 o'clock. I fixed it at 3 o'clock with the view of giving almost a full day's work before the hour set for this purpose.

Mr. FARQUHAR. The hour fixed in the case of Mr. Wilber was 4 o'clock, and there was no objection to that.

Mr. MCMILLIN. Yes; and others have been fixed at 1 and 2 o'clock.

Mr. MCKINLEY. I think if the gentleman will reflect he will see the propriety of making it 4 o'clock, considering that it occurs so late in the session.

Mr. MCMILLIN. I have no desire to run counter to what may be the propriety of the occasion. I know the House would be willing to give any time that would be proper. I will therefore accept the amendment fixing the hour at 4 o'clock.

The resolution as amended was adopted.

FEBRUARY 28, 1891.

Mr. MCMILLIN. Mr. Speaker, I ask for the reading of the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. JAMES PHELAN, late a Representative from the State of Tennessee.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a faithful public servant, the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk also transmit to the family of the deceased a copy of these resolutions.

Address of Mr. Richardson, of Tennessee.

Mr. Speaker: I ask the indulgence of the House for a little while that I may pay a tribute to the memory of my late colleague, James Phelan. He was born in Aberdeen, Mississippi, December 7, 1856, and died of pulmonary consumption in Nassau, New Providence, on January 30, 1891. He was first elected to the Fiftieth Congress, and was reëlected to the Fifty-first; hence, when he died he had nearly completed his second term as a member of this body. Although one of the youngest members of the House, he attained, in the short period he served as a Representative, a position in the front rank. He was a cultured student, a hard worker, and a true gentleman. He had won for himself before entering Congress a bright reputation as an author and journalist. His learning was varied, and his education thoroughly classical. In 1871 he attended the Kentucky Military Institute, near Frankfort, Kentucky. He completed his studies at the best German universities, and returned to the United States with the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1878. He then studied law, and began the practice at Memphis in 1881.

He never held office until elected to the Fiftieth Congress from the Memphis, Tennessee, district. As I have stated he was reëlected to the present Congress, but on account of ill health he was able to occupy his seat only a few days. But for his indomitable will, and unflagging energy, and methodical habit, it would not have been possible for him to accomplish the work he performed. I remember well during his first session here to have seen him often at his seat

on this floor earnestly engaged on the manuscript and in revising the proof of his history of Tennessee. This is a work of rare value, to which he devoted many of his best hours. The labor on this book he was performing while constantly occupied with his Congressional duties. It was said of him he had but little taste for politics, and that possibly he would not have made a very successful law-maker, but one thing is sure, his name will live in the hearts of Tennesseans so long as Tennesseans are taught to love and honor the men who made the history which he wrote. Though his years were not many in number, his achievements were extraordinary, and he has left a heritage of incalculable value to his children and family.

A warm personal friend of his, one who had been associated with him in business and who perhaps knew him in life better than any of us, said of him in a recent eloquent tribute to his memory :

> The years of PHELAN'S life were few, but he wrought wondrously. His name is written where it will endure. He has left as a heritage to his children a record of extraordinary achievement. Because he was our neighbor we should not be insensible of the real greatness of the man. With the single exception of Alexander Hamilton, no man has ever appeared in the political life of America who, at thirty, had accomplished so much or gave such promise of a surpassing career. In youth a most assiduous student, he completed his education at the German universities. Other men have taken the same course, only to become impracticables in the every-day affairs of the world. Not so with PHELAN. He came home full-armed, ready, alert, ambitious, and determined to make name and fame for himself as an American citizen. He projected his line of life carefully. He seemed to anticipate his own future. He proceeded patiently, but rapidly. Every obstacle in the definite course he had marked out was overcome. At thirty, what had he done? He was a member of Congress. He had proved himself a thorough journalist, owning and directing one of the leading newspapers of the South. He had written a history of Tennessee, which is scholarly in its text, so acceptable in its treatment, and so exceptional in its worth as to establish him in high rank among those whose names adorn American literature. Where is his like for industry, for versatility, and for that quality of genius which comprehends any task and fulfills any obligations?

The same writer again said of him:

His will was invincible, but his motives were pure. His purposes were definite, but they were exemplary and lofty. His self-respect was intense; therefore he strove to do justice to others. He was ready to forgive a wrong when it proceeded from an honest difference of view. He sought no mean advantage, being jealous of his own honor. Sincere himself, he demanded sincerity of others. He never disappointed a friend; he never ignored an obligation; he never forfeited a confidence. Being true to himself, it followed, "as the night the day, he could not then be false to any man." But who knew PHELAN best? Surely not those who knew him only in the various phases of his public life. To those who were the companions of his boyhood, who had struggled with him to meet the exactions of the college class-room, who had joined him on the ball-field, who had camped with him in the forest—who, in short, knew the boy that was in the man—to them comes the profoundest grief that he is no more. Their affection found deeper root than in admiration for his successes. They knew him to be a simple-hearted, generous, helpful, unaffected man, who rejoiced in the happiness of others, who was sensible of the value of human love, who was a child when there was time to play, whose heart was easily touched, and whose friendship held fast in all weathers. To them was given a glimpse of the man's inner nature. They saw the melancholy aspect of the tremendous battle he made for quick personal distinction. He was at Leipsic at school when he became first convinced that his expectation of life was short. He was hopeful, but he lost no time. He could not afford to idle on the way. He saw the shadow that rested on the future. He could not put it out of account. The terrible realization was his, and his alone. It was from this that his nervous force proceeded. His energy was almost unnatural. People said he was burning the candle at both ends. He knew it, but he also knew the reason why. A day lost was not to be made up. From him was shut the fond belief that after the struggle would come the restful vales of age. It was always with him a race with the grim specter. Yet he was joyous, undeterred, buoyant, and ever planning. When the real conflict with disease came, he fought for life as men have rarely fought. He perceived the futility of the struggle, yet he was defiant. He took every chance. For months he lived by the sheer force of his will. At last the end is reached. The heroic soul is released. His dreams are over. His ambitious spirit is at rest. "The expectancy and rose of the fair state" is become a memory. The eulogies we pay can not be deemed extravagant, though he who has been taken away was but yesterday, it seems,

In the morn and liquid dew of youth.

His work was not complete. But, though the shaft he reared lacks the capital, that which remains to tell us of his genius is so wondrous in its beauty and promise that we may not question what the grace of its ultimate perfection would have been. It is eloquent of all that is best and bravest in man.

I do not apologize for using so much of this tribute to the deceased, for I know it is sincere and all will realize its eloquence and beauty. Others will follow me who will pay their tribute, but none will be more just, fitting, and truthful than that from which I have quoted so largely. It was written by Mr. H. M. Doak, of Tennessee.

Death at all times is sad. It is a melancholy thought that a man is to die, perish, and be gone forever from the face of the earth. It is doubly sad to contemplate death when the subject is young, bright, able, learned, accomplished, and thoroughly equipped for the battle of life. Such a man was my late friend and colleague, JAMES PHELAN. "Peace to his ashes."

ADDRESS OF MR. O'NEILL, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: JAMES PHELAN, born December 7, 1856, died in Nassau on the 30th of January, 1891, having lived but a little over thirty-four years. When he was but ten years of age, his father, a distinguished citizen of Mississippi, removed with his family to Memphis, Tenn. This son, in the prime of his young manhood, not having reached his thirtieth year, was honored by a triumphant election to the United States House of Representatives, and two years later was reëlected by a largely increased majority. The reëlection showed that confidence of his constituents in him which is so much desired by Representatives, it being considered always an indorsement of official conduct.

These details I give to illustrate the sentiment of the country, that youth, with its energy and ambition, is fitted for the commencement of legislative work; usefulness to constituents and distinction to the Representative surely

coming, as years of service make manifest his industrious and intelligent devotion to duty.

Mr. PHELAN, owing to failing health, did not seek a third renomination and election. By examining the rolls of Congress, it will be found that, as a general rule, a larger proportion of those who come to the House of Representatives at or about the age of thirty years, than of those who come at a later age, gain reputation and are promoted to higher national positions.

In my Congressional experience I could name many who at that early period of life laid the foundation of leadership, controlled legislation because of their ability, and in the future were recognized as the statesmen of the country. Senators and Presidents can date their elevation to these high places from the impression made by them during their days of comparatively early service in the House. Mr. PHELAN, with his unusually thorough education, his natural mental power, his intellectual training, and unremitting devotion to his duties, would have become distinguished here and have been known by his countrymen as successful in his Congressional career.

Higher honors from his State would have been within his reach; but unfortunately for him and for us, his health broke down, and death claimed him much too early for those of us who knew him and appreciated and admired his great attainments. He was my fellow-member in the Committee on Commerce in the Fiftieth Congress. His attendance at its meetings was constant, and in all matters considered by it his practical knowledge and his varied information gave him a standing therein most enviable. His assignment to that committee for the present Congress was in accordance with the wishes of all its members, and had his health permitted him to take his usual active part in its deliberations, he

would have continued among the foremost in perfecting the important measures referred to it.

His absence, so frequently necessary, was felt severely at its meetings during both sessions of this Congress, depriving his colleagues of his courteous companionship; and his death was most sincerely deplored. Fighting for life so many months, seeking bodily relief far from the constituents who loved and respected him, dying in a foreign land, so young, and with a future so full of promise, his death is attended with incidents of sadness not often realized by us. I received, the day after his body had reached Washington, a most feeling and sympathetic letter written to me by an esteemed friend of mine, a very prominent citizen in social and business life in Philadelphia, whose wife is a kinswoman of the deceased, in reading which my heart was touched, so full was it of affection and grief.

In replying to this letter I promised to keep these sorrowing relatives informed of the time fixed for the final burial, so that with others of the family they might mingle their tears as the body of the departed was consigned to its last resting-place on earth. So that in Philadelphia there is deep affliction at the death of JAMES PHELAN, and his untimely loss is lamented and his memory tenderly cherished by these friends in that city who have known and loved him long and well.

ADDRESS OF MR. CUMMINGS, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. SPEAKER: It is just possible that in speaking of the dead we do not pay sufficient heed to endeavor. Inertia is the bane, as action is the glory, of existence. One is heedless, the other requires design. And as motive measures

the guilt of a bad action, so does purpose add to the merit of a good one. A man who strives for the right and fails is entitled to more credit than one to whom success comes without effort. But the greater glory is accomplishment, which comes from both design and labor. When Demosthenes, to the question three times repeated as to what was most essential in oratory, replied, "Action, action, action," he could not have meant that action alone constituted the whole of eloquence. For gesticulation and gyration are methods with which the harlequin often excites mirth in his auditors. He must have meant that action was the most efficient method of enforcing the words of the orator, and was therefore essential to a finished performance.

This much I have deemed a proper introduction to what I have to say of our dead friend. He was full of endeavor and he also accomplished. Young as he was he has, in my opinion, won a conspicuous and permanent place in American literature. My acquaintance with him was brief, but exceedingly cordial. We were brothers in the field of journalism and entered the Congressional arena together.

What first impressed me was his intense Americanism. He loved his country as a son his mother. He sought the sources of her strength and glory as the hart seeks for running waters. He studied the origin of her institutions, and his desire was that she should be first among all nations in all that was excellent. A stain upon her he felt as a blot upon his own honor. Confident that this would be manifest in whatever he put upon record designed to be lasting, and surprised that it should show itself so intensely in one born to affluence and educated abroad, I sought the source of it in his history of his own State. There I found it.

I pronounce it a great work; not great perhaps in its scope, but a finished performance of what he attempted.

In my judgment it more than rivals any similar work that America has produced. Put to the trial, I believe it would hold its own and make a head-to-head finish with the best that has been done in philosophical and biographical history. Its style is simplicity itself. In presentation it is wonderfully vivid. In delineation every fiber is distinct. His story as he runs it off leaves no room for misconception. Every event is finished in its proper place. Every character is put in its proper position. When he completes the concurrence that brought them together there is no catching back at it. It is done. His philosophy in regard to events and his limning of character are done in such a flood of light that the reader feels himself in their very presence, with a perfect appreciation of their entire significance.

Nor is his criticism of other writers less graphic or less just. Of this I will give but a single example. Speaking of Jackson, that heroic figure in American history, he says:

> Parton has all but ruined Jackson's reputation among the thoughtful. Sumner sinks him to the level of a "guerrilla chief or cross-roads politician."

Here is a volume of criticism in three lines.

It is often said that a good history can not be written by a contemporary. JAMES PHELAN has done more to negative this statement than any author I have ever read. Nothing could better show the magnanimity of his mind, and magnanimity is the sum of all great qualities. He may almost be said to have written in the very presence of that which he records, and yet we look in vain for any bias in the writer.

The achievements of rugged pioneers, and the vigorous growth of the institutions which they founded, seem to

have woven themselves into his very being, so that his love of them was like the love of life itself. And this he published to the world in almost every act and speech of his life.

JAMES PHELAN was an example of the highest type of American citizenship—a patriot and the son of a patriot, a scholar and the son of a scholar, and yet above all and through all a man of the people.

Educated abroad, no foreign education could make a foreigner of him. To know the caste and fashion of Europe only made his patriotic heart love more the simple manners of his native land. To see the pomp and dignity of monarchy only confined him more closely to the paths of liberty and equality. Beneath the glitter and the show, the tinsel and the flash of royal state, he saw the poverty and oppression, the misery and suffering it breeds. The sight of the magnificent armies of Europe only impressed upon his thoughtful mind more deeply the great truth that large standing armies are a menace to free institutions. His foreign education, his knowledge of European life and manners, only intensified his love for the institutions of his country and his devotion to her welfare.

Mr. PHELAN was not only an illustration of American patriotism, but equally of the versatility which distinguishes our countrymen. Educated for the law, he turned to the more congenial pursuits of journalism and statesmanship. His short career in Congress is closed. Here, as everywhere else, he was a close and continuous student. Whatever he attempted, in that he excelled. He stood in the front ranks of journalism, of literature, of statesmanship.

His private character was without reproach; his public services beyond the cavil of envy or the slander of partisan

spirit. Amid all the siren voices that steal upon the ear of the statesman, he heard naught but the still small voice of duty. With him to hear was to obey.

An editorial confrère, touched to the heart by his death, has poured forth a tribute to his memory, already quoted by the gentleman from Tennessee [Mr. Richardson]. I can not refrain from requoting these golden words:

> He never disappointed a friend; he never ignored an obligation; he never forfeited a confidence. His will was invincible; his motives pure. His purposes were definite, but exemplary and lofty. His self-respect was intense; therefore he strove for justice to others. He sought no mean advantage, being jealous of his own honor.

In him the living have lost a kind husband, a tender father, a faithful friend; his State, a true son; his country, a faithful servant. But he has left them that richest of all treasures, a spotless reputation, the memory of earnest deeds well done.

Thus much have I felt impelled to say of JAMES PHELAN. I feel exalted that I knew him; I revere his memory; I rejoice that he was my countryman.

ADDRESS OF MR. GROSVENOR, OF OHIO.

Mr. SPEAKER: My acquaintance with the Hon. JAMES PHELAN was simply the acquaintance that a member of this House on this side of the floor has with a member on the other side with whom he does not come in contact in the committee room or the nearer associations of home. To my mind he has been fitly described by the eloquent gentleman from New York [Mr. Cummings]. With him pride and ambition as a writer and journalist was, in my judgment,

above every other consideration; and when I first made his acquaintance he made the impression upon me that he was also a man of fine social instincts and of tenacious attachment to the opinions he had formed.

Later I discovered that he had just enough pride of opinion to make him jealous of criticism he deemed to be unjust; but I realized that he was always fair and just to his opponents. He did not make speeches on the floor of the House to such an extent as to bring him under my notice in that particular. I looked upon him as an industrious, working member. He seemed, Mr. Speaker, to know that death was upon him; for when I first met him he seemed to be a man who felt that against his life an uncontrollable, irresistible enemy had prepared a fatal and final attack.

The great wonder to me is (and I have noticed it in the case of other men besides Mr. PHELAN) that an intelligent man, with a full knowledge of his own condition, sensible that death was close upon him, that his life here was to be limited to a few months, and that he, struggling against overwhelming odds, should yet go straight forward in the discharge of his public and private duties as though long life was before him and the culmination and fruition of a laudable ambition. I think that, perhaps, it is one of the wisest provisions of Providence that this should be so.

It is not so in every man, and where it presents itself it is an indication of high courage and strong mental power that can bear up against all the encroachments of disease and refuse to surrender the ambition to achieve something more, something greater, something higher. I testify to the character of Mr. PHELAN, from the standpoint which I have indicated, as a man of stern devotion to duty. I differed with him upon a great many questions.

I looked upon him as one whom I might class as an ex-

treme man upon some questions that come up here. I formed that judgment more from his writings than from his oral declarations But I looked upon him as a man who was wholly conscientious; a man who believed what he said. And, Mr. Speaker, that is an element of character that I admire, no matter though the possessor of it and I may differ very widely. The older I grow and the more I see of men and things, the more lenient I am toward the opinions of others, the more ready to doubt my own correctness against the judgment and testimony of men who differ with me.

Mr. Speaker, death has made havoc of the Fifty-first House of the American Congress.

What an appalling list! I recall them one by one. The indomitable, energetic, clear-headed Burnes, who fell in a moment and was wafted away. Townshend, the mercurial, strong, quick, active partisan, gentleman, friend. Then Gay, full of years and experience, conservatism, wisdom, value upon this floor. Pennsylvania has suffered. The oldest member of the House in point of service, Judge Kelley, died during this Congress, a man of vast resources of mind, of splendid application to the pursuit of the ambition of his life; and Randall, the man of grandeur of character, sturdy integrity, wisdom, power; and Watson, whom we eulogized but a few days ago. Then Cox, of New York, than whom no more lovable man ever stood upon this floor, a man who could turn the storm of contest here into the gentle breeze of pleasant rivalry; the readiest man upon his feet I ever saw. Then Wilber, and the brave, gallant Nutting. Next, Walker, of Missouri; and finally our friend whom we are here to do honor to-day. What a galaxy of talent, of honor, of statesmanship, of virtue; and they have all gone before us.

Mr. Speaker, on another occasion like this I said that, judging by my own feelings, by the inspirations that came to me, I would not believe that there was no future; I would not believe, I would not be driven to the belief, that there was not somewhere a place where we shall meet again, and surely I can not believe in the justice and the goodness of a being that would annihilate the twelve whose names I have recited. They would not have been created for annihilation. It is a libel upon the common judgment of mankind, and I believe that their example, their efforts, their character, are beckoning us onward to a home that we may not attain to, but that we may attain to, where partings like these will be no more.

Address of Mr. Dunnell, of Minnesota.

Mr. Speaker: These ceremonies are in honor of the late Hon. James Phelan, of the State of Tennessee. This associate died too early for his home, his State, and the nation. Death came to him at Nassau, on the 30th day of January of the present year, whither he had gone in a search for health. This great boon fled his search, and the remorselessness of the great enemy of the race held its victim. It would not yield. The cultured mind, the gentle spirit, the loyal heart could not withstand its demands.

I have ever thought that words of eulogy, such as this occasion requires, should be pronounced by those who best knew the subject, who knew his parentage, his early life, his struggles, and triumphs in the early and later periods of life, the characteristics of the man, his mental powers, his moral and social qualities,

I did not have the honor to know our lamented brother. An incident alone apparently justifies me to cherish a hope that I may in some, yet few words, fittingly mention a reason for my part in these commemorative services.

In 1875 a daughter but recently married, with her young husband, a prospective student in one of the universities, reached Leipsic, Saxony. They soon formed the acquaintance of JAMES PHELAN, of Tennessee, then a young man of twenty, and a fellow-student in the university. This acquaintance ripened into a friendship at once strong and delicate. These happy social relations which existed between these three young Americans in a foreign city were suddenly ended in the second month of the next year, when the young wife became a victim to the same fell disease which fifteen years later overtook, at Nassau, the ripe scholar and the distinguished statesman whose death we here to-day so profoundly mourn.

The first written messages which gave to us the circumstances of the death and burial of the daughter and young wife told us how tenderly and how lovingly the young fellow-student had conducted himself on the sad occasion. As the young man dropped his tears of sorrow and respect upon that grave, made in a land far from home, so here the father would mingle his tears with the tears of those who to-day weep at the grave of a husband and father.

JAMES PHELAN wrought grandly and died ere the meridian of life was reached, honored and loved by all who knew him. All these knew the nobleness of his nature, his bright intellectual powers, and, most of all, his warm, generous, loving heart.

Address of Mr. Baker, of New York.

Mr. Speaker: It has often been said that death loves a shining mark, and such a mark he had in him we commemorate to-day. In James Phelan, with whom I became acquainted during the last Congress, I discovered a gentleman of rare merit and of most brilliant promise. I did not come to know him until we were thrown together as members of the Committee on Commerce, to which, by the courtesy of the Speaker, I was assigned as chairman at the commencement of the present Congress. Then, in the few interviews that we had as members of that committee, I recognized in Mr. Phelan a gentleman of marked ability, a man who commended himself to me as one filled with an earnest desire to serve well his day and generation.

Honest, earnest, intelligent, able, cultured, he was also ambitious to do his full share of work as a member of the committee, and he attended upon several occasions when I felt that he was really unable to be out of his bed. Unable as he was to attend to the duties of that committee for more than a brief period, he performed those duties admirably while he did attend, and in the interviews that we had from time to time, I found that he felt a profound interest in the many affairs connected with the public welfare which came before us for consideration.

He took a very deep interest in the commercial growth of the country and in the advancement of all the interests that combine to make our people and our country great and prosperous, and his desire was plainly manifest to do anything and everything in his power as a statesman to secure the greatest possible good to every portion of our common

country. I discovered also in my intercourse with Mr. PHELAN that he was a man of warm impulses and of a gentle, confiding nature. A warm friendship readily sprang up between us, and when he bade me good by with the remark that he hardly expected ever to meet me again, I felt, Mr. Speaker, that I had lost a friend, that the House of Representatives had lost an intelligent and able member, and that but a few short weeks, or at most months, would elapse until the world would be deprived of a man of unusual promise and remarkably endowed with those graces of mind and heart which we all so highly prize in our fellow-men.

Mr. Speaker, it is fit that we should meet on this occasion to pay tribute to the memory of a man like Mr. PHELAN. Our relations here are of such a character that when any of our colleagues lays down his life and passes to the unknown world, we readily forget all that may have occurred to excite antagonism in the fierce struggles of political life. But in a case like that of the friend we now mourn we know that we have been called upon to part with a man eminently worthy of our respect and confidence, and we feel that the loss is irreparable. I sadly pay tribute to his memory as a friend and colleague. I extend to those whom he left behind a heartfelt sympathy, as I know that every one of his colleagues upon this floor has done and will do.

I often feel that in the loss of such a man the poet would hardly be justified in saying that—

Our lives are like the shadows
  On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
  That blossom but to die.
A sleep, a dream, a story
  By strangers quickly told;
An unremaining glory
  Of things that soon are old.

The influence that we exert by our lives and our deeds lives after us, and life is something more than a mere shadow. JAMES PHELAN will continue to live in the influence which will be felt for all time upon his people and upon the world; and those who bear his name may well feel a pride and a glory in the example which he set, in the life he led, in the noble work of his brief years.

ADDRESS OF MR. CARUTH, OF KENTUCKY.

Mr. SPEAKER: As the Fifty-first Congress draws to its mournful close it may be well to follow the distinguished gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Grosvenor] in his retrospective glance at the mortality which has followed its career. Mr. Speaker, scarcely had the gavel on yonder desk marked the death of the Fiftieth and the birth of the Fifty-first Congress when the scythe of death commenced its havoc in our ranks. Scarcely had we reached our homes after the adjournment of the Fiftieth Congress when the news was borne to us on the wing of the lightning that Richard W. Townshend, of Illinois, honored by his people and his State, respected and beloved by his colleagues on this floor, had closed forever his earthly account.

During the month that intervened before the members of the Fifty-first Congress were to enter on the active discharge of the duties of their high office we were told that that genial gentleman, the wit, the scholar, and the orator, whom all men knew and loved—Samuel Sullivan Cox—had been called from labor to repose. And when the members of this body gathered around that desk for the purpose of assuming the obligations of office there was missed from this presence one who had so long and so faithfully dis-

charged his duty of Representative on this floor—one who had led his party, one who had presided over the deliberations of this body with justice and impartiality, one who had earned a fame extending beyond the bounds of the Union—a fame coextensive with the civilized world.

While he was stretched upon a bed of sickness, and, as it has proved, his deathbed, the oath of office was administered to him. We looked at his vacant desk; we thought that no more would his presence be seen in this Chamber and no more would his voice be heard on this floor. But ere the messenger of death came to Samuel J. Randall, "the father of the House," his colleague, who had served longer than any other member of Congress—faithful and devoted to the interests of the people as he understood them—William D. Kelley was stricken down by the remorseless hand of death. One after another fell, until, as we have been told by the gentleman from Ohio, there had been twelve deaths in this body. Last of all came he to whose memory we desire to pay tribute this day, JAMES PHELAN, of Tennessee.

Mr. Speaker, I entered Congress at the same time that he commenced his career here; and I was drawn to him not merely because of the fact that he was a Representative from a neighboring State and had been partially educated in the State of which I have the honor to be a Representative, but because I had been told he was the youngest man accredited by the people to represent them in the Federal Congress. I expected that when I came to know him I would see in him some of those traits that characterize youth more than manhood.

But I found him as steadfast in purpose, as studious in habit, as grave and sedate in manner as if his brow had been marked by the finger of time and his hair had been

whitened by the frosts of age. So well and so faithfully did he serve his people that they returned him as a member of the present House of Representatives. But although hope might have pictured to his mind a future of still greater honor and distinction, death came. Scarcely had his sun reached its meridian height before it was eclipsed in the darkness of the tomb.

He had everything to make life desirable—a loving wife, children to cluster about his knees and to encircle themselves around his heart. With a mind educated far beyond that of many who had attained the greatest distinction, the prospect spread out to him was that of a long and useful life. But death cast its envious glance upon him and sent, to make slow and insidious progress in his vitals, that dread disease, consumption. And in a foreign land, far from the flag that he loved so well, his body was returned to dust and the spirit to God from whence it came.

He lived a noble life. He did, so far as time afforded him opportunity, all that man could do, and left as a heritage to his children, as a cherished memory to his wife, a spotless reputation and an honored name. But he left besides that something that should be an example to all aspiring minds. He showed what could be done by energetic and faithful work and, as the gentleman from New York has so eloquently said, by earnest endeavor. He demonstrated to the ambitious and aspiring youth of this country that—

> The heights by great men reached and kept
> Were not attained by sudden flight;
> But they, while their companions slept,
> Were toiling upward in the night.

Address of Mr. Evans, of Tennessee.

Mr. Speaker: It was not my pleasure to have had the honor of an intimate acquaintance with the deceased, Hon. James Phelan, who represented the Tenth district of Tennessee in this House for the Fiftieth and Fifty-first Congresses, but of him and about him I have known much. His home, though within the same State, was over three hundred miles from mine, but his reputation was not confined to State lines or limits. He was a student, and thoroughly familiarized himself upon all questions; an indefatigable, untiring worker; an easy, graceful, and forcible writer; and an historian who had collected together facts, figures, data, and events connected with the formation of the State government of his adopted State and published a history of Tennessee.

On the Sabbath preceding the opening of the first session of this Congress, in December, 1889, he sent me a message and I called upon him at his residence in this city. It seemed to me then that his health was so impaired that his life must be limited to a few short months. During our conversation at that time I cautioned him that I feared the effort was taxing his strength too much. He had risen from a sick bed and hastily dressed to meet me, and sat in front of the open fire; but he assured me the fatigue incident to the journey here and the taking of a severe cold en route had temporarily, as he thought, drawn upon his strength.

He appeared upon the floor of this House upon the opening of the session, but the demands upon his strength were

too much, and he was soon compelled to retire and seek additional strength and health, and finally was called to his long home while temporarily absent in a foreign land.

JAMES PHELAN was known as a manly man among men; a leader in thought and expression. His quiet, gentle manners, earnest, honest ways, won him friends with all he met. He was a gentleman of the highest type. He was loved and honored most among those who knew him best.

In the death of JAMES PHELAN Tennessee has lost a most valued citizen, and this nation mourns her loss.

ADDRESS OF MR. STOCKBRIDGE, OF MARYLAND.

Mr. SPEAKER: Once more do we pause in the performance of our legislative duties in this body to pay the last tribute of respect to the worth of a departed member of this House. Once more the Fifty-first Congress mourns the death of one who entered with us upon its labors. Once more is he to whose memory we bring this flower of tribute one of the young men of this House.

JAMES PHELAN realized in his life and in his acts the idea of American manhood. Highly educated, with breadth of view, but endowed with that faculty greater than all, a broad humanity, in his veins the blood leaped quicker when he felt that by some act or word of his the sufferings of his fellow-men might be palliated or relieved.

Those who served with him in the last Congress bear eloquent tribute to the steadfastness with which he ever stood ready to lend a helping hand, ay, to lead the way in that which should tend in the highest sense to the benefit of man.

The age in which we live, Mr. Speaker, is called variously

one of steam and one of electricity. This designation typifies that in this day, as in no past period of the world's history, there is a crush, a pressure, and a struggle—a resistless battle going on in which he who would stand in the foremost rank can reach that point, not by grappling upon the skirts of happy chance, but only by individual strength of character, by indomitable will, by dauntless courage, by determination of purpose.

Such it was which early in life made JAMES PHELAN known, not merely in a narrow circle of home but in the wider circle of associates in his State, as a man whose views were a breadth that others should give heed to and giving heed could pattern after and follow.

Hence it was that at an early age he entered this Hall, a Representative of the people, to bear here that same standard which in other fields he had so courageously maintained. Here, too, he typified the fatal principle of the age, that resistless spirit of perseverance; and close, accurate work, coupled with profound research, characterized his labors as a member of this body.

The human frame is not like a piece of machinery. It has limitations upon its capacity for work, upon its powers of endurance; and JAMES PHELAN fell a martyr to his inability to measure his own strength. Had his physical strength been equal to that of his purpose and will he would stand to-day on this floor sharing with us the labors of these the closing hours of the Fifty-first Congress.

I do not propose, Mr. Speaker, to enter into any lengthy eulogy. I simply desire to call attention to the fact that those characteristics which were strong in him, and brought him early in life to this Hall, which made him respected and revered, honored by his associates, ultimately carried him away.

But, Mr. Speaker, while we contemplate these elements in the character of JAMES PHELAN, we can but feel that in them there is a lesson to be appropriated by each one of us; a lesson to be appropriated by the young men of this country; a lesson that it is by such lives as his, by the same courage, the same steadiness of purpose, the same untarnished reputation, the same devotion to the interest of humanity and the interests of the nation, that this country must continue its prosperous course. Without it the future of our nation would indeed be dark. It is when such men as JAMES PHELAN come forth as the representatives of the people, when such men come to the front, they typify the underlying spirit which is not only to make our nation prosperous and blessed, but to perpetuate it in the days to come.

ADDRESS OF MR. WASHINGTON, OF TENNESSEE.

Mr. SPEAKER: On the 30th of January, 1891, under the beautiful tropical skies, surrounded by the sweet flowers of the perpetual spring of the Bahamas, the Hon. JAMES PHELAN died, at Nassau, New Providence.

His father was the Hon. JAMES PHELAN, a distinguished member of the Confederate Senate from Mississippi, a State celebrated for the long roster of its brilliant public men. After the close of the war he removed to Memphis, Tennessee, where he was an eminent member of the bar until his death in 1873.

JAMES PHELAN, to whose memory we pay a mournful tribute to-day, was born at Aberdeen, Mississippi, Decem-

ber 7, 1856. He had barely entered his thirty-fifth year when death cut short his promising career.

His father was of Irish extraction, and his mother of Scottish descent. This Scotch-Irish combination accounts no doubt for that persistency of purpose, that tenacity of opinion, which, united with a genial social disposition, so strongly marked his character. He was proud of his Irish blood, and was ever ready to uphold the cause and defend the people of the Emerald Isle.

His earliest school training away from home was received at the Kentucky Military Institute, at Frankfort. In 1874 he went to Germany and there finished his education at the University of Leipsic, where he took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, in February, 1878, ranking among the foremost students of his time. Unlike so many young men, he returned from the German University unspoiled by his foreign education and long sojourn and was still a plain, ambitious, patriotic American.

His philosophical and historical researches and comparisons taught him the true value of American free institutions. He saw that here in this asylum for the oppressed of every land was to be worked out the latest and best solution of self-government untrammeled by the claims of aristocratic and hereditary rule. A thorough believer in the inalienable rights of the people, a born democrat, the more he learned of monarchical governments the more intensely American he became.

After his return from Europe he studied law in Memphis, where he made his home, and, being admitted to the bar in due course of time, began the practice of his profession. Pursuing the law with all the ardor and energy of his nature, he yet found much time to devote to literary and political work.

He took an active part in local politics at Memphis, and meanwhile, his speeches and writings on national affairs attracting much attention, he was urged by his friends in 1884 to become a candidate for Congress. He declined, and wisely bided his time.

Two years later, in 1886, considering that his hour had come, he declared himself a candidate. He made a hot, exciting canvass against heavy odds and under adverse circumstances, which attracted attention over the entire State. His progress was steady. In the end he swept away all obstacles, rallied the representatives of all classes to his support, especially the young Democracy, and was triumphantly nominated. His opponent, Hon. Zachary Taylor, was an able, brilliant young Republican, seeking a reëlection, but PHELAN'S majority was almost unprecedented for that district. So faithfully and efficiently did he serve his constituents in the Fiftieth Congress that he was renominated without opposition and elected to this Congress by a largely increased majority.

His election was contested by his opponent, L. B. Eaton. The case is still pending before the Elections Committee of this House, but so far as our beloved colleague is concerned, the finding of that committee can make no difference now. He has gone to that realm of eternal light where partisanship is unknown, where all the prejudice, passion, and intrigue of party politics, where all the subterfuges and thin disguises of the demagogue become as clear as the light of day at noontide.

I can not more tersely and aptly describe what JAMES PHELAN did in politics and literature than to quote the words of his most intimate friend, Col. H. M. Doak:

> In politics PHELAN has done just enough to show genius for politics. In Congress he served just long enough to show that he would have

made a great and valuable statesman. He has left his political career a wonderful broken column; but it is all pure Parian as far as it goes towards the stars. In his history he has left an enduring fabric for Tennessee to cherish.

Well do I recall his face and form as he sat in the last row of chairs on this (the Democratic) side of this Hall in the Fiftieth Congress, bending over his desk all day; writing with a ceaseless energy; writing all the time, letters, articles for publication, editorials for his paper in Memphis, and at the same time following and taking part in all the proceedings of the House. I never knew a man who worked harder or faster. He worked as if he felt that his time was short; that his days were already numbered, and that the tasks which he had set for his hand to accomplish must be finished ere the coming of the fatal hour.

One of the first objects of legislation which he determined to accomplish was the passage of a bill guaranteeing to Memphis a great bridge across the Mississippi River. Every Memphian who goes out near the beautiful custom-house, on that bluff overhanging the mighty stream which sweeps so majestically onward to the Gulf, and gazes down the river on that magnificent bridge which joins with bands of steel Tennessee to Arkansas—the great West and the growing South—should feel that he looks on a monument to JAMES PHELAN'S industry, better than marble, more enduring than sounding brass.

I know with what assiduity he applied himself to the intricate and involved questions affecting interstate commerce—a subject he had resolved, as a member of the Commerce Committee, to master. He did not speak much or often in the House; yet few measures passed which he had not scrutinized.

During these two years of the Fiftieth Congress, working

night and day—politics, his newspaper, his school history of Tennessee taking all of his time save what he gave to the delight of his friends in social converse—he was literally burning the candle at both ends, and when the Fifty-first Congress assembled he was hardly able to be in his seat. He came to the House but a few times until he was forced to the retiracy of his home, there to begin alone the hand-to-hand battle with grim death. No man ever made a more determined, a more cheerful fight for life. It was heroic. But to his friends who called it seemed from the start that the death mark was on his brow.

Soon after reaching his majority he married Miss Mary Early, of Lynchburg, Virginia. In his home life he was the model of a perfect husband and father. His wife and three little children were with him during the last months of his life in the Bahamas. In their terrible bereavement they have the deepest sympathy of all who knew him.

His remains were sent here from Nassau, and on the 8th of February we carried his inanimate body to Oak Hill Cemetery, in Georgetown. There in the receiving vault, under the ivy-grown mortuary chapel, we left him. The pale winter sun came slanting through the naked boughs. The biting winds whispered among the ghostly tombs. The dying day seemed typical of our dead comrade, whose light of life had gone flickering out, chilled by the great conqueror, Death, before it had even borne the flowers of that fruit of which it gave such glorious promise.

Mr. Speaker, I will append to my remarks for publication some editorial extracts from the Tennessee papers, which will show how our JAMES PHELAN was esteemed by his constituents, by his brethren of the press, and by the people of his State.

The following editorial is from the paper formerly owned

by Mr. PHELAN, the Memphis-Appeal Avalanche, of Sunday, February 8, 1891:

JAMES PHELAN.

A star has fallen from out our firmament. JAMES PHELAN is dead. The solemn word comes from the Bahama Isles. Thither had he gone in the hope that the salt and temperate air of the tropic ocean would give him health. The journey, the isolation, were in vain. His inanimate body returns. The spirit is uncaged. He whom we loved and honored has passed away. We have only to pay such tribute as affection may prompt. We shall remember him. A great man once, in his youth, carved his name high upon a cliff that less eager and brave men thought inaccessible. The years of PHELAN'S life were few, but he wrought wondrously. His name is written where it will endure. He has left as a heritage to his children a record of extraordinary achievement. Because he was our neighbor we should not be insensible of the real greatness of the man.

With the single exception of Alexander Hamilton, no man has ever appeared in the political life of America, who, at the age of thirty, had accomplished so much or gave such promise of a surpassing career. In youth a most assiduous student, he completed his education at the German universities. Other men have taken the same course only to become impracticables in the every-day affairs of the world. Not so with PHELAN. He came home full-armed, ready, alert, ambitious, and determined to make name and fame for himself as an American citizen. He projected his line of life carefully. He seemed to anticipate his own future. He proceeded patiently but rapidly. Every obstacle in the definite course he had marked out was overcome. At thirty, what had he done? He was a member of Congress. He had proven himself a thorough journalist, owning and directing one of the leading newspapers of the South. He had written a history of Tennessee, which is so scholarly in its text, so acceptable in its treatment, and so exceptional in its worth, as to establish him in high rank among those whose names adorn American literature. Where is his like for industry, for versatility, and for that quality of genius which comprehends any task and fulfills any obligation?

It may be asked if PHELAN was a brilliant man. For answer turn the diamond of his character and note if from any facet the light does not

glow. No youth more brilliant has this land known. A scholar to whom the classics were familiar, a politician who keenly apprehended the popular desire, a journalist who had the rare gift of prescience which enabled him to know what his readers would want to know, a student who found no labor too arduous if conclusions might be reached, a man of opinions grounded in a philosophy that compelled respect, a leader among his fellows by virtue of his common sense and his intuitive perception of right policies, JAMES PHELAN, born to command, commanded. His will was invincible, but his motives were pure. His purposes were definite, but they were exemplary and lofty. His self-respect was intense; therefore he strove to do justice to others. He was ready to forgive a wrong when it proceeded from an honest difference of view. He sought no mean advantage, being jealous of his own honor. Sincere himself, he demanded sincerity of others. He never disappointed a friend; he never ignored an obligation; he never forfeited a confidence. Being true to himself, it followed, "as the night the day," that he could not "be false to any man."

But who knew PHELAN best? Surely not those who knew him only in the various phases of his public life. To those who were the companions of his boyhood, who had struggled with him to meet the exactions of the college class-room, who had joined him on the ball-field, who had camped with him in the forest—who, in short, knew the boy that was in the man—to them comes the profoundest grief that he is no more. Their affection found deeper root than in admiration for his successes. They knew him to be a simple-hearted, generous, helpful, unaffected man, who rejoiced in the happiness of others, who was sensible of the value of human love, who was a child when there was time to play, whose heart was easily touched, and whose friendship held fast in all weathers. To them was given a glimpse of the man's inner nature. They saw the melancholy aspect of the tremendous battle he made for quick personal distinction.

He was at Leipsic at school when he became first convinced that his expectation of life was short. He was hopeful, but he lost no time. He could not afford to idle on the way. He saw the shadow that rested on the future. He could not put it out of account. The terrible realization was his, and his alone. It was from this that his nervous force proceeded. His energy was almost unnatural. People said he was burning the candle at both ends. He knew it, but he also knew the reason why. A day lost was not to be made up. From him was shut the fond belief that after

the struggle would come the restful vales of age. It was always with him a race with the grim specter. Yet he was joyous, undeterred, buoyant, and ever planning. When the real conflict with disease came he fought for life as men have rarely fought. He perceived the futility of the struggle, yet he was defiant. He took every chance. For months he lived by the sheer force of his will. At last the end is reached.

The heroic soul is released. His dreams are over. His ambitious spirit is at rest. "The expectancy and the rose of the fair State" is become a memory. The eulogies we pay can not be deemed extravagant, though he who has been taken away was but yesterday, it seems,

"In the morn and liquid dew of youth."

His work was not complete. But though the shaft he reared lacks the capital, that which remains to tell us of his genius is so wondrous in its beauty and promise that we may not question what the grace of its ultimate perfection would have been. It is eloquent of all that is best and bravest in man.

The following editorial is taken from the Memphis (Tennessee) Daily Commercial of Sunday, February 8, 1891:

DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE PHELAN.

Announcement of the death of Mr. JAMES PHELAN, member of the Federal House of Representatives from this district, is made by telegraph in another column. The sad event occurred on the 30th of January, in Nassau, whither he had gone in recuperation of his health, after he had sold the Avalanche. Before that event he had for several months made trial of the dry air of southern Texas, but without avail, and he went to Nassau as a last refuge in an effort to stay the hand of the destroyer. As in the case of nearly all persons suffering with consumption, he was full of hope, but his friends—those nearest to him—in Memphis could not deceive themselves, and they felt, in parting with him, that it was for the last time.

Mr. PHELAN came prominently into public view five years ago as a candidate for Congress. Up to that time he had been identified with the Avalanche as its proprietor for a few years. But he was not as conspicuous even in that position as he subsequently became as a candidate for the Democratic nomination to Congress. As such he had to confront the fixed purposes of the leaders of the party in the district, who had determined to place Col. Josiah Patterson in nomination. But Mr. PHELAN,

having made some preparations in the form of a personal canvass of the district, declined to give way, and the result was a joint preliminary canvass by him and Colonel Patterson, which, for almost bitterness, has never been surpassed, even during campaigns between candidates of opposing parties. It resulted in Mr. PHELAN'S triumph, in his nomination before the convention without opposition, as Colonel Patterson very prudently withdrew on finding himself in a hopeless minority. Two years subsequently Mr. PHELAN was renominated without opposition and was reëlected, but his seat was contested by his Republican opponent, Col. L. B. Eaton, and the case is still undecided.

Mr. PHELAN possessed many of the qualities necessary for success in public life. He was characterized by an indomitable will, by a driving energy, and an aggressiveness that sometimes precipitated him into unnecessary bickering and debate. He could not wait for attack, but always took the initiative, and with a boldness and courage which even his enemies admired, pushed to the front and there remained until the battle was won or lost. He was of Scotch-Irish origin, and by temperament was an excellent illustration of the daring and dash of the one race and the bull-dog tenacity of the other. He was fearless as to consequences, and when his interests were at stake manifested an unyielding disposition. As a Democrat he was well-grounded in the principles of his party, and was an earnest advocate of them and a ready defender. Of this he gave the people he represented in Congress the very best proofs during the campaigns he made in the district. As a speaker he was noted for directness of statement and an unflinching courage; for persistency and pertinacity, and, when necessary, for a pugnacity which nothing could turn aside but the conceded defeat of his opponent.

As to his usefulness in public life it is impossible to say anything more than that it promised well for him and his constituents. Nothing above the performance of his routine duties was to be expected of him in the first two sessions of Congress (the Fiftieth), and he was too far gone in consumption to do more than defend his seat in the Fifty-first, now nearing the close of its life.

The disease he suffered from and the knowledge that it was hereditary in his family must account for the restlessness which prevented the calmness that usually waits on deliberation. For this reason he was unable to carry his history of Tennessee, an admirably projected work, with anything like detailed consecutiveness down to the time he had

fixed upon, or even to the close of the civil war. He applied himself assiduously in research for material for this work in the State library and in that of the Historical Society in Nashville, but his distractions of business and of public employment intervened to prevent as satisfactory results as twenty years later, when he had had a life's experience, he might have accomplished.

Mr. PHELAN was at the best a man of promise, of bright promise, who, under circumstances of good health and seclusion, might have made the name he coveted in literature. His aspirations were all of them noble ones, and his ambition to excel was worthy of the best. His tastes and inclinations were literary, and his sympathies were in that direction, and what he accomplished in his two histories—one of them for schools—counting even their angrily disputed failings, gave earnest of better things when time had mellowed the mind now untimely silenced forever.

The following editorial is taken from the Memphis (Tennessee) Public Ledger, of Sunday, February 8, 1891:

DEATH OF JAMES PHELAN.

The genial face of our gifted young Congressman will be seen no more on the streets of Memphis. After a gallant struggle with an incurable disease he breathed his last at Nassau on the 30th of January. A valiant spirit went back to the God that gave it and the pale tenement that contained it will be returned to this country and committed to mother earth.

The news of Mr. PHELAN'S death, although coming sooner than expected and causing sincere and general sorrow, was not a great surprise. For nearly two years he had been in ill health, and for more than one year was but seldom in his seat in Congress. He spent several months in South Carolina; then last spring came here en route for San Antonio, Texas, and points beyond there. The little news that came of an encouraging nature from time to time was nearly always supplemented by an expression of doubt and anxiety. Finally he returned to wind up his business affairs, and only a few of his special friends intruded on his privacy. All felt that the end of a bright and useful life was near at hand and that to call on him was to enter but the anteroom of a death chamber. Still he was courageous, cheerful, and to some degree hopeful. He had an idea, as most people have under similar conditions, that he might live much longer, and felt that it was his duty to fight against fate to the end, be it far or near, and so he did.

On the 8th of November he sold the Avalanche, a property that he valued very highly, to the Appeal, and soon after that went to Washington to join his wife and children, and with them soon afterward sailed for the Bahamas, hoping that salt air and a soft southern climate would afford a temporary relief and probably give him a new lease on life. But it was too late; he had long before passed the fatal danger line, and no change, no human fortitude, medical skill, or tender care of affectionate hands were of any avail. No details have been received. We merely know that it is all over; that a weary, wornout body is no longer capable of pain or feeling, and that the soul that so long beat against the bars is released from its abode of weariness and waiting.

The life of JAMES PHELAN has often been published. He was born at Aberdeen, Mississippi, December 7, 1856, and was therefore a little over thirty-four years of age. In his brief life he accomplished more than many prominent men of twice his years. His early education was received at the schools here in Memphis. Then he attended the Kentucky Military Institute, at Frankfort, Kentucky, and afterward took a special course at the university at Leipsic, Germany, where he was given the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Coming home soon after he was of age, he was admitted to the bar and entered actively into the practice of his profession, and also engaged in business and literary pursuits. He wrote with a free hand upon various topics for leading magazines, and found time later on to write a concise, analytical, and valuable school history of Tennessee, which involved him in a personal and unpleasant discussion about a year ago. This was carried on through two of the leading papers of the State, and at one time seemed to threaten a resort to the code.

Mr. PHELAN was very happily married a few years after his return from Germany to a Miss Early, niece of Jubal Early, of Virginia. She is a highly educated woman and has been his faithful adviser and support in all his struggles, and shared his darkest days as well as his triumphs. Under his proprietorship the Avalanche was a vigorous, incisive paper, and a power in the land, although it was never used as a factor to promote his private or political fortunes. He was respected by true men in both political parties alike. Had he lived, his second term in Congress would have expired on the 4th of March next. Although his seat was contested vigorously by Colonel Eaton, the Republicans never cared to press the matter and declare his seat vacant. Owing to ill health he declined to be a candidate for nomination at the last Congressional con-

vention. Hence Col. Josiah Patterson was the nominee and was elected by a handsome majority.

It is not easy to analyze the character of such a man as JAMES PHELAN. He came of heroic Irish stock on his father's side, and inherited Scotch tenacity and wisdom from his mother. He was aggressive without being unjust, self-reliant without vanity or egotism, and sought the suffrages of the people only to increase opportunities of usefulness. Thoroughly public-spirited and in sympathy with the masses, he at the same time looked after and managed his private affairs with consummate skill. A wide acquaintance with leading politicians, literary men, and financiers gave him superior advantages. We seldom meet or read of such a man. His versatility was something wonderful. He could call nearly everybody he had ever met by name, and was equally at home in a drawing room or in a company of grimy workmen.

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again."

Peace to his soul, and all honor to the memory of JAMES PHELAN. The world is the better for his brief sojourn in it, and those who emulate his sterling traits of character, his devotion to family and country, and his struggles in the various vicissitudes of life from boyhood and youth to a premature grave, may also serve themselves, their fellow-man, and their Creator with becoming modesty and a clear conscience.

Editorial from the Memphis Scimitar, Saturday evening, February 7.

JAMES PHELAN DEAD.

A brief dispatch from Nassau, New Providence, via New York, announces the death of Hon. JAMES PHELAN, member of Congress from this district.

The news is not surprising, in view of Mr. PHELAN'S state of health when he left Memphis for Nassau four months ago, but his friends were not without hope that the mild climate of the Bahamas would lengthen his days, though they could not expect a cure.

There is no need to tell who JAMES PHELAN was or what part he has played in the public view. The people of the Tenth district have shown, by electing him twice to Congress, their appreciation of his talents and

devotion to their interests. He gave promise of becoming one of the best, as he was one of the youngest, Representatives that Tennessee has ever had in the National Legislature.

Personally as well as politically Mr. PHELAN was a man of mark. He had the faculty of binding his friends to him with hooks of steel, and those who opposed him could not but pay tribute to the virile mentality and courage for which he was distinguished.

He was a little more than thirty-five years old. The Scimitar extends its heartfelt sympathy to his stricken family.

The following editorial is from the Daily American, Nashville, Tennessee, Sunday morning, February 8, 1891:

THE DEATH OF HON. JAMES PHELAN.

It is with a feeling of regret singularly painful that we announce the death of Hon. JAMES PHELAN, though for some months the steady ravages of disease have foretold with dreadful certainty that the end was near. The failure of Mr. PHELAN'S health marred a brilliant career in politics, and his vacant seat in Congress during the whole of his past term has been a mute but pathetic witness to the fast-fading promise of high honors to be achieved in the service of his country.

Mr. PHELAN was a man of high scholarly attainments and a student in general literature, as well as in questions of politics and political economy. If he had been spared we believe the expectations of his friends would have been fully met by his success in the path he had chosen to pursue. He possessed singular qualifications for a successful political career, combining in a rare degree the qualities of a shrewd, practical politician and party manager with those of a thoughtful and intelligent student of public affairs.

Mr. PHELAN'S literary work in enduring form is confined to his history of Tennessee, a book which has received the highest praise from a number of the best literary critics in the country, and which will hold a place as a classic among State histories. His editorial work on the Memphis Avalanche was of the highest order of journalism, and he wrote largely in the way of literary reviews for some of the leading journals of the country. He was yet but a young man when death closed down upon his work, and there was just enough of his life to give a definite promise of a career full of honor to himself and of usefulness to his country.

ADDRESS OF MR. BRECKINRIDGE, OF ARKANSAS.

Mr. SPEAKER: The death of Hon. JAMES PHELAN is felt almost as much by the people of Arkansas as it is by the people of his own State of Tennessee. To both, so high and promising a character is dear, and to the whole country the loss of such a man is a calamity. Living in the city of Memphis, which, from its superb position upon the Chickasaw Bluff, is in the sight and touch of our people, his rapid and upward progress was noted by us all, and we felt that we, as well as his own State, had gained a true and capable friend.

Though dying young and full of honors, yet his advancement was not of a light or ephemeral order. With the intensity and strength of his blended Irish and Scotch blood he began the battle of life early. Every step was marked by careful preparation, and no man was more thoughtful, painstaking, and methodical than he. His high sense of honor and intensity of purpose gave a brilliancy to his life that may have deceived some as to the depth and strength of the foundations he laid and upon which he builded. The most liberal culture of the schools, acquired both in this country and in Europe, was strengthened by practice and assimilated with sound judgment.

He was a forceful combination of the theoretical and the practical man, which is always the most forcible and effective man. His tastes were simple and pure, his sympathies broad and generous; his mind, discriminating and strong, steadily increased in power and grasp; and it was such a man that achieved success, acquired the admiration and respect, and built up the highest expectations of the people among whom he lived.

Sir, it is the honor of our people and the hope of our country that when such a man is needed he is found, and that when found he receives public recognition and applause. Here lies the safety and honor of society. Here lies the strength of the Republic. Upon the national bier we tender this offering of the South. He loved all parts of his country, loved all classes of countrymen, defended his own, warred upon none, and I can wish no better thing than that our future councils may be adorned by men like unto him.

ADDRESS OF MR. WHEELER, OF ALABAMA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Among the members who appeared before the Speaker's desk at the assembling of the Fiftieth Congress was one whose bearing, figure, and grace attracted marked attention. He looked so youthful that it seemed he could hardly have reached the constitutional age. His face unmistakably indicated culture and intelligence, while his bearing was characterized by that lofty courtesy which we all soon learned to admire and respect in him. He was the elected member for the cultivated district which includes the city of Memphis.

He had been chosen by the people of that cultivated metropolis to guard their interests in the Congress of the United States, and all remember the faithfulness, zeal, and energy displayed by him in the performance of his duty. He bade fair to become one of the most distinguished men of all our Southern States, and had God spared him there could be no doubt in my mind that he would have been one of the eminent men who are to be developed from the youth now growing up in the Southern country.

None of us would have conceived it possible that this youthful looking colleague was one whose loss we would be called upon to mourn before the close of the Fifty-first Congress.

JAMES PHELAN sprang from a family of character and distinction. His father was an eminent jurist and served with great credit to himself and the State of Mississippi in the senate of the Confederate States. His uncle was also an eminent jurist and for many years adorned the supreme bench of the State of Alabama, and the opinions written by that distinguished judge are quoted in the text-books on nearly every subject that has engaged the attention of writers upon law.

Our departed and lamented brother was a worthy descendant of his noble ancestry. Educated in the best universities of this and foreign countries, finished by travel and intimate association with the most highly polished society and the best minds of America and Europe, and possessing most, if not all, of the accomplishments of a graceful and a courtly gentleman, he had, before reaching the age at which most men begin their careers, advanced far up on the ladder of literary fame.

PHELAN'S history of Tennessee will take its place among the most valuable historical works of the time, and is conclusive evidence of the author's painstaking study, judicial and impartial mind, and of his high mental endowments. How sadly we heard of his failing health, and finally the last message came from the isle where gentle breezes, warmed by the Gulf Stream, play among the flowers whose perfume fills the air of that far-off land, the warmth, brightness, and beauty of which was so happily typical of the gentle, kindly, and lovable spirit which there, to ours and his country's loss, took its flight to another and purer home.

JAMES PHELAN, though the last one expected to pass away, was possibly the best prepared of any of us to leave this world and meet his God. He was a Christian in all that is implied by that term; a Christian in his commune with his Maker and in his dealings with man. His life, like that of all true Christian men, was a beautiful exemplification of what such a life should be. Surrounded by his charming family, a wife well worthy of such a man, and children who promise to take their place as his worthy successors in future years, his was a home which it is sad to contemplate, bereft as it now is of a loving father and devoted husband.

Mr. Speaker, it is sad that this is all we can do and say in behalf of this our beloved colleague. He has passed away. He has gone to another land, and we know, Mr. Speaker, that he will reap in that land the reward of a good, pure, noble, and well-spent life, wholly unselfish in its aims and animated by the loftiest patriotism in its purposes.

Calm, peaceful, self-contained, consciously the master of many noble natural gifts and a vast amount of laboriously acquired knowledge, and yet as unpretentious and modest as a girl, we can well imagine that it was the close of such a life, devoid of self and consecrated to the welfare of others, that the poet contemplated when he wrote these beautiful lines:

> Let sober triumphs wait upon my bier:
> I'll not forgive that friend who sheds one tear.
> Let no unworthy sounds of grief be heard,
> No loud laments, not one unseemly word;
> For whether gathered in life's early mourn,
> Or in old age he drops, like an ear of corn
> Full ripe, he dies on nature's noblest plan
> Who lives to reason and who dies a man.

Mr. McMILLIN. Mr. Speaker, there are a number of gentlemen who desire to submit remarks, and I will ask that general leave upon this subject be granted.

The SPEAKER *pro tempore*. Without objection that leave will be granted.

There was no objection.

ADDRESS OF MR. ENLOE, OF TENNESSEE.

Mr. SPEAKER: JAMES PHELAN was my friend. We came into Congress together and were intimately associated during his service here. The nobility of his soul and the excellence of his character compelled the admiration and won the respect of all who knew him. He was whole-souled, impulsive, generous, and brave, and an ideal friend. He was a man who knew how to love his friends and how to fight his enemies, and he was one who dared to maintain the right and to condemn the wrong.

Educated in the best schools of this country and of Europe, his intellectual culture was broad and deep. He was a ripe scholar and a profound thinker. His heart was as great as his mind, and he lived in sympathetic touch with the whole range of American thought and feeling. His mental characteristics were in some respects Napoleonic. He was a born leader and organizer of men, an advanced thinker, and a wise legislator. He was a conservative in council and a radical in action. His plan of action once determined, he showed the opposition no quarter. As a journalist he was brilliant and successful. As a historian he was painstaking, accurate, and just, giving to every theme he touched the

coloring of his own genius. His history of Tennessee is a monument to his literary taste and to his ability as a writer. It enrolled his name among the immortal great of Tennessee.

He entered upon his duties here with his literary work in an incomplete state, encumbered too with the general direction of a great newspaper, and with a feeble constitution already impaired by excessive mental labor. He set about his work with the eager and intense energy of one who runs a race with death. His indomitable will carried him forward heedless of the protests of his overtaxed physical powers. Handicapped as he was in his work here he soon impressed himself on the House and the country, and he was readily conceded a place among the strongest and brightest of the new members in the Fiftieth Congress. Short as was his active service in the House he gave the world earnest of a statesman. His superior mental powers impressed all who met him in social life, in the committee room, or on the floor of the House. His views of public questions were broad, liberal, and enlightened. He was a tireless worker, positive in his convictions, and he had a sovereign contempt for the time-serving politician.

Dignified in bearing, gentle in his manners, and courteous to all, he invited the confidence and friendship of his colleagues. He was candid and bold in his opinions, and he lived above the trickster and the demagogue. He was well fitted both by education and by training for the exercise of high and important trusts, and it was his laudable ambition to write his name among the noblest and the best of American statesmen. Had he lived in the enjoyment of health we can not doubt that he would have made for himself a place in history commensurate with his highest ambition, but his political career was practically over when the Fifty-first Congress met. Though reëlected by a proud and

confiding constituency he was physically unable to take his place here with us.

Young, brilliant, full of hope, and inspired by a praiseworthy ambition to serve his fellow-men, he started with us up the rugged steps of political fame, but he was touched by an unseen hand and he rested on the sunny side. He tasted only the sweets of ambition, and was spared the chance of the bitter cup of disappointment which so many who went before him have lived to drain to the dregs. He had his faults, no doubt, as other men, but his virtues so far outshone them that even his faults seemed only lesser virtues. His career was splendid, full of promise, incomplete—but God knows best.

When all is said of him which his friends and colleagues may say as a tribute to his memory, his own life work will be his most eloquent eulogy.

He made an heroic struggle against disease, but death came to him peacefully in the distant southern island where he made his last effort to live for love and for his country.

The public knew him and admired him as journalist, historian, and statesman, but it was in the private walks of life that he was most loved and admired. I knew him as one whose private life was above reproach and whose home life was beautiful. We share the sorrow of his loved ones.

Words of praise for him and expressions of sympathy for them seem like empty sounds, which fall at our feet and die with their utterance.

In this hour of grief and sorrow I would point those who knew and loved him best to that polar star of human hope, the hope of a blessed immortality. I feel that our friend has only preceded us to a not distant but a better land. His life was measured "in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial." The love

of such a friend was an honor. The loss of such a friend can not be repaired.

Peace to his ashes! Honor to his memory!

ADDRESS OF MR. MCMILLIN, OF TENNESSEE.

Mr. SPEAKER: This Congress has an unprecedented death roll. Not only have a number of the oldest and most experienced been taken, but we are now called upon to offer in sadness our tribute to the memory of one of the youngest.

JAMES PHELAN was born in Aberdeen, Mississippi, December 7, 1856. He was an illustrious son of an illustrious sire. His father was a Confederate senator from a State renowned for the strength of those it trusted with high office.

He moved from Mississippi with his father, when but eleven years old, to Memphis—the scene of his early struggles and ultimate triumphs.

Young PHELAN received a private school education, and in 1871 entered the Kentucky Military Institute, near Frankfort. He spoke often and ever enthusiastically of the days spent there. The boldness, candor, and hospitality of the Kentuckian were traits that met ready and kindred response in his own nature.

After leaving this Kentucky college he went to Leipsic, Saxony, and entered the university there. He took the degree of doctor of philosophy in February, 1878; returned to Memphis, studied law, and began the practice in 1881. He married Miss Mary Early, of Virginia. He had an intense thirst for knowledge, and acquired it with great rapidity. He spoke other languages than his own with fluency. He was not only a great reader, but a systematic student. He read rapidly, digested thoroughly, and re-

tained accurately. Both in his private correspondence and in preparing manuscript for his paper or his books he wrote with a rapidity almost incredible.

He drove forward as one might be expected to who had premonition that he was soon to die and had determined to crowd the work of a whole life into half a life. A Scotch-Irishman by descent, he had all the pertinacity of the Scot united with all the enthusiasm of the Irish. At his fireside with his family, among his friends, he was all kindness and gentleness; yet a bolder or more courageous man did not live. He was too proud to give an insult intentionally, too spirited to take one tamely.

His was a remarkable career. He succeeded everywhere. Few men have the versatility of talent he exhibited. Though untrained in that work, by apprenticeship or otherwise, he ventured into the great field of journalism, and succeeded from the beginning. He bought and operated successfully one of the greatest papers of his State.

Notwithstanding his other engagements, he found time to write a history of his people and his State, which is a monument to his industry, his research, and his ability as a writer.

In the midst of these pursuits, sufficient by their importance and the drafts they made on his time to engross or overwhelm an ordinary mind, he resolved to blaze out a new path of glory.

He was not content with ancestral fame, or to be known because his fathers were.

He determined to seek a seat in this Hall—to become a Representative of the greatest of all the governments. Few thought he could succeed. Fewer still would have dared try the experiment under the disadvantages surrounding

him. But he dared, and he won—won when opposed by some of the strongest and best men of his State.

He came here modest, unassuming, but with the same determination to succeed here which had marked him elsewhere. He talked to me often of his plans; and, had he lived and kept his strength, I have not the least doubt he would have made this the greatest success of all.

What a record! At twenty-nine years, unaided, he had gone through the colleges of two countries, had taken a law course, was known to and recognized by men of letters as an author of ability, was running a great daily paper, and representing 150,000 people in Congress.

Col. H. M. Doak, formerly associated with Mr. PHELAN in journalism, correctly epitomized his character in these words:

> Gifted with lofty powers of imagination, he had not yet reached a knowledge of or the full unfolding of his own powers. His genial humor; pleasant, agreeable wit, and kindly sympathetic nature, and his large knowledge and cultivation, easily attuned him to companionship with men of all kinds and conditions. He was equally fitted, by his keen knowledge of men and his responsive sympathies, for association with statesmen, savants, and with artisans, or to shine in the social circle. His was a rare nature, gentle but strong, impulsive but calm, sympathetic but not to be misled by sympathy, gifted to please but unobstrusive, brave but never vaunting its courage, simple as a child's but strong as a true man's, proud with a manly pride but not puffed up, strong in individuality but never vain, quietly responsive to any mood in others but not swayed thereby, and always calm and affable. He was a man a child could approach with perfect trust; a man the strongest, the rudest, never thought of approaching rudely. Something in his gentle, calm, but firm dignity forbade that.

He had succeeded, but he had exhausted himself to do it. His health gave way about the time of his coming to Congress. He was reëlected by his people, but in the second term was seldom able to enter the Hall.

He sought health in southern Texas and in the highlands farther west, but without avail. Thence he went a few weeks before his death to Nassau. But it was too late. He died far from his own land, surrounded by his wife and three children, left to mourn him.

> Oh, what a noble heart was here undone,
> When Science self-destroyed her favorite son.
> Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit:
> She sowed the seeds, but death has reaped the fruit.
> 'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
> And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low.

Mr. Speaker, whilst it is sad to contemplate the death of such a man, it is a blessing for such to have lived. Is this the end of such nobility of soul? Can such be merely mortal? It can not be! A consolation like that so beautifully expressed by Ion will come to those who had seen him and known him. Ion was asked by Clemantha:

> And shall we never see each other again?

He answered:

> Yes!
> I have asked that wonderful question of the hills
> That look eternal; of the flowing streams
> That lucid flow forever; of the stars,
> Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit
> Hath trod in glory. All were dumb: but now,
> While I thus gaze upon thy loving face,
> I feel the love that kindles through its beauty
> Can never wholly perish. We shall meet
> Again, Clemantha.

The SPEAKER *pro tempore*. The question is on the adoption of the resolutions.

The resolutions were agreed to; and accordingly (at 5 o'clock and 52 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until 8 o'clock p. m.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DEATH.

FEBRUARY 7, 1891.

Mr. HARRIS. I ask that the message from the House of Representatives be laid before the Senate.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair lays before the Senate a message from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *February* 7, 1891.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow and deep regret of the death of Hon. JAMES PHELAN, late a Representative from the State of Tennessee.

Resolved, That a committee of seven members of the House, with such members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate, and transmit a copy to the family of the deceased.

In accordance with the foregoing resolution the Speaker appointed the following committee: Mr. Washington, of Tennessee; Mr. McRae, of Arkansas; Mr. Wickham, of Ohio; Mr. Enloe, of Tennessee; Mr. Stockbridge, of Maryland; Mr. Montgomery, of Kentucky; and Mr. Coleman, of Louisiana.

Mr. HARRIS. I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. Platt in the chair). The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of JAMES PHELAN, late a Representative from the State of Tennessee.

Resolved, That a committee of five Senators be appointed by the Presiding Officer to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions which have just been read by the Secretary.

The resolutions were agreed to.

The PRESIDING OFFICER appointed Mr. Harris, Mr. Jones of Arkansas, Mr. Faulkner, Mr. Stockbridge, and Mr. Pierce as the committee on the part of the Senate under the second resolution.

Mr. HARRIS. As a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and the Senate adjourned until Monday, February 9, 1891, at 11 o'clock a. m.

EULOGIES.

MARCH 2, 1891.

Mr. HARRIS. I ask the Chair to lay before the Senate the message of the House of Representatives in respect to the death of Hon. JAMES PHELAN, late a Representative from the State of Tennessee.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

IN THE HOUSE, *February* 28, 1891.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. JAMES PHELAN, late a Representative from the State of Tennessee.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a faithful public servant, the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk also transmit to the family of the deceased a copy of these resolutions.

Mr. HARRIS. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions, which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The resolutions offered by the Senator from Tennessee will be read.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has received with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. JAMES PHELAN, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Tennessee, and tenders to the family of the deceased the assurance of sympathy in their sad bereavement.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended, that opportunity may be given for fitting tributes to the memory of the deceased, and to his eminent public and private virtues; and that as a further mark of respect the Senate, at the conclusion of such remarks, shall adjourn.

Resolved, That the Secretary be directed to transmit to the family of the deceased a copy of these resolutions.

ADDRESS OF MR. HARRIS, OF TENNESSEE.

Mr. PRESIDENT: We turn from the important and pressing duties of the expiring hours of the Fifty-first Congress to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of our deceased associate.

On the 30th day of January last, JAMES PHELAN, the Representative of the Tenth Tennessee Congressional district, died at Nassau.

He was born at Aberdeen, Mississippi, December 7, 1856. His father, an ex-Confederate senator from Mississippi, an able and distinguished lawyer, removed to Memphis in 1867, and from that time until his death Memphis was the home of the late Representative.

Having the advantages that the best private schools could give in his youth, prompted by a laudable and indomitable ambition for the acquisition of knowledge, he made the most of his opportunities and advanced rapidly in all of his studies.

In 1871, when fifteen years of age, he entered the Ken-

tucky Military Institute. In 1874 he entered the university at Leipsic, Saxony, where he completed his education.

Returning to his home in Memphis in 1878, he studied law and was admitted to the bar and commenced the practice in 1881. But soon thereafter he became the proprietor of the Memphis Avalanche, one of the leading political journals of the South, and his professional ambition was subordinated to his business interests and his political aspirations.

As the owner of a great newspaper he showed the tact and enterprise of a thorough business man, and as the one who inspired its utterances he gave abundant evidence of his ability to defend and maintain the principles of the party to which he belonged.

In 1886 he was unanimously nominated by the Democrats of the Tenth Congressional district of Tennessee, and elected to represent that district in the Fiftieth Congress.

New member as he was, and one of the youngest in the House, the body to which he belonged very soon recognized the fact that he was talented, learned, honest, and patriotic, and awarded to him the influence due to these high qualities. His district was ably and well represented.

He was renominated and elected as a Representative to the Fifty-first Congress, but the fatal malady that he inherited so effectually undermined his physical energies as to forbid his attendance upon the sessions of the House or his participation in its proceedings.

In the vain hope of finding a climate and an atmosphere that might arrest the fatal malady, for the last two years he wandered from place to place, from latitude to latitude, but unfortunately for him, his family, and the country, no relief was found, and at Nassau, on the 30th day of January, he died.

In his death the Tenth Congressional district has lost an able, earnest, and faithful Representative; Tennessee has lost one of her most promising adopted sons, and the country has lost a scholar, a statesman, and a patriot.

ADDRESS OF MR. JONES, OF ARKANSAS.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The mortality in the Fifty-first Congress has been appalling. Months ago it was astonishing, but the greatest ravages of the relentless destroyer seem to have been reserved for the latter part of this session.

Death after death in our midst has occurred in such rapid succession that a gloom is cast over us which even the absorbing demands of business can not dispel. Those who have been our constant associates and sitting by our side day by day have one by one been so suddenly called away that it has seemed as if the grim monster was actually present sitting in our midst every moment, mocking our hopes and ready to snatch away another.

The mortality in our own branch of Congress has, in proportion to numbers, kept pace with that in the other. First the great Kentuckian went. Then that able lawyer, pure gentleman, and earnest Christian, the Senator from Maryland; and scarcely had we laid him to rest when the Senator from California was summoned by the Master; and now, while we are preparing to bear him with loving hands and sad hearts to his home in the great West, which he loved so well and served so faithfully, we pause in the rush and hurry of the business of the nation to testify, though in a

feeble way, our respect for the memory of another member of the House of Representatives, who was also loved and honored amongst us while living—JAMES PHELAN, of Tennessee.

The State from which he came has sent a long line of capable and patriotic men to both Houses of the National Congress. The names of many of her members here will live as long as the memory of this nation shall survive, but where in all this line can you point to one who came under circumstances which warranted higher expectations than were justified as to Mr. PHELAN? Young, ambitious, cultivated, endowed with natural ability, and with the loftiest sense of personal integrity and uprightness, it certainly seemed that his friends and his State were justified in anticipating an extraordinarily brilliant and successful career for him.

It has been well said that "all persons possessing any portion of power ought to be strongly and awfully impressed with an idea that they act in trust, and that they are to account for their conduct in that trust to the one great Master, Author, and Founder of society."

The story of Mr. PHELAN'S life seems an illustration of this idea. He labored incessantly, and while he had not reached his maturity, had in fact scarcely begun to learn his own powers, he had already accomplished more than falls to the lot of thousands who have reached the age of three score years and ten, and who have taken high rank among their fellow-men. He had achieved great success as a journalist, and stood sufficiently high in his profession to have satisfied the ambition of most men.

He had won celebrity in literature, had stamped his impress upon American letters, and won a position in this field which will live after we are gone; but not satisfied with

success in these great fields, he sought and won distinction in the domain of politics and statesmanship. If, indeed,

> We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial,

then Mr. PHELAN had already outlived most men when he went to "the lone couch of his everlasting sleep."

Death is always terrible. We are never quite ready for the summons; but to him who has garnered such rich results, whether his years be few or many, Mr. President, it is certainly not premature.

One who labors so intensely earns rest; and who can say that, even though it comes in the form of that

> Sinless, stirless rest,
> That change which never changes,

it is a misfortune? Death must come, and whether it be soon or late matters little. It is inevitable; but it matters much whether it follows a well or ill spent life. Mr. PHELAN'S early death is well known to have resulted from his too earnest and constant labor. Whatsoever his hands found to do that he did with his might, and he wrought with marvelous success. He labored as one who knew his time was short and who intended to complete his allotted task in the brief space given him, and his complete success will remain a monument to him in the future. Genial, warm-hearted, manly, without reproach,

> After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

Address of Mr. Daniel, of Virginia.

Mr. President: "Oh, that I had time to weep!" This was the exclamation of Napoleon, when on one of his bloody battle-fields he beheld the ghastly corpse of a brave young soldier who had fallen in the fight. How often, Mr. President, has that emotion welled up in our hearts during the busy hours of this exciting session of Congress, as one by one we have seen our colleagues removed from their places of public usefulness; as one and then another of our associates have disappeared from our side. And yet perhaps it is well, Mr. President, that we do not have time to weep; well that the overruling demands of love for the living and of duty to the obligations which Providence has placed upon us, should constrain us from the mournful thoughts and heartrending scenes that attend the place of death. And after all, we can do nothing for the dead but lay them down at the foot of the cross, and utter the cry of mortal submission to divine decree, "Thy will be done." It is for ourselves, for these around us, for those that come hereafter, that we proclaim the virtues of the dead, that we uplift their good examples, and that we contemplate their end as the inevitable lot.

If some would escape death, and if only some were doomed to die, life would be vexed with new harassments and infelicities. In the impartiality of death there is taught the lesson of human brotherhood. With Death equality is equity. A just creditor, Death exacts from each and all an equal due. If there be gloom in this reflection there is also some consolation. Death can not be wholly evil and wholly sorrowful, seeing that it is universal, that it is the fixed,

inevitable, invariable, unappealable law of Him who rules forever.

Mr. President, such thoughts as these have come upon us as we have seen the old, the middle aged, and the youthful vanish from our midst. He whom we now mourn to-night and to whom we pay the last salutation of earthly respect was a marked man. If I were to seek to characterize his life with a few words, I should say that he was marked by that which is the invariable mark of every man who achieves and leaves something to be remembered; that is, by a serious, earnest, and steadfast purpose. He was born to affluence. It is a mistake to suppose that poverty is a disadvantage to the youth of genius and aspiration. It is oftener the spur of action and endeavor, and these must precede accomplishment.

Wealth is often an incumbrance—a tempter, a deceiver to the young. But JAMES PHELAN, of Tennessee, looked upon wealth as only an opportunity for usefulness. He applied it to purposes of self-education, to the liberalizing of his mind, and to enterprises of utility. He had within him the restless, compelling thoughts of high endeavor. There burned in his breast—

> A spark of that immortal fire
> With angels shared, by Allah given,
> To lift from earth our low desire.

He had the will and the purpose and the intent to do something that men might know him and recognize him by his good works. "I speak to you who will live a million years hence," are words deciphered in the hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt, and such thoughts still warm human bosoms. JAMES PHELAN was brave; he was high-spirited, and he scorned delights, and lived laborious days; he sought to leave a name. An editor, in the domain of journalism he

accomplished the building up of a newspaper which was a luminary in his section of the country, and he wielded an able pen. A lawyer, he studied his profession and became learned in the law. A man of letters, he wrote a history of his State which competent critics have pronounced admirable.

Beyond this, he was a young American of character and force for good, an honor to his State and to his country, dedicating those hours which to many would be hours of leisure in illustrating worthy deeds and in writing of them in an impartial and honest and earnest spirit. He held up the high ideals to the young men of this nation.

There was no bitterness nor narrowness in his character. He was a patriot; he loved his country; he loved his State; he loved his kind.

I had the honor of a personal acquaintance with Mr. PHELAN, and perhaps became better acquainted with him than opportunity would have otherwise permitted from the fact that he married a lady of my own town. Their union was blessed with children. He had around him all that men seek to make life happy, "home, children, and friends." In the midst of his days, in the prime of his life, in the flower of his career, he saw death advancing upon him, but he did not blanch before it. He kept on with his labors. He applied himself to the purposes which he had set in view with a firmness that never relaxed until fate itself relaxed it.

Twice elected a member of the House of Representatives, with the perspective of the future broadening and widening before him, and no doubt filled with as many dreams of happiness and usefulness as those that might ever fill the visions of the buoyant and the brave, he found that the seeds of disease were implanted in his bosom. He sought relief in southern climes, but found it

not. He was doomed to die, and under the effulgence of sunlit skies, in a land of flowers, in the balmy air of the Bahamas, he has sunk to rest, with trust in God and in hope of heaven.

Mr. President, there is something admirable in that ceremony of the soldier in which he accompanies his comrade to his last resting place with the Dead March, fires over his grave, and then returns with flying flag and with rejoicing music to the accustomed rounds of duty. So seem we to pause here amidst these busy hours to bow our heads at this new-made tomb. I tender with you my respectful sympathies to those who I know are bereaved beyond the power of man to administer consolation. I give with you my last salute to the memory of this brave and true young American, who was worthy of his State and country, and whose example should stimulate us in our appointed tasks.

Address of Mr. Bate, of Tennessee.

Mr. President: When we contemplate the fact that eleven Representatives and three Senators have been called from this one Congress to appear before the Tribunal in the great "Beyond," we realize the truth that "Thy scythe and glass, O Time, are not the emblems of thy gentler power!"

When we see death's high revelry in the Fifty-first Congress it becomes apparent that there is truth in the remark that "Death loves a shining mark." Townshend, Burnes, Gay, Kelley, Randall, Watson, Cox, Wilber, Nutting,

Walker, and Phelan, in the House: Beck, Wilson, and Hearst in the Senate. The list is an appalling one, but it is also a galaxy of men who have—

> Deposited upon the silent shore
> Of memory, images, and precious thoughts
> That shall not die, and can not be destroyed.
>
> There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
> This life of mortal breath
> Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
> Whose portal we call Death.

The bowstring, drawn tightly back by the finger of fate and let fly quickly, sends the death arrow to a shining mark, and in this instance truly a shining young life is the victim.

Why and by what philosophy it is that one so young, so well equipped for the activities and usefulness of life, is taken we know not, but submit confidingly under the belief that "behind a frowning providence He hides a shining face."

In the death of her late Representative, JAMES PHELAN, the State which I in part have the honor to represent in this Chamber lost one of her most valued sons and able and faithful Representatives.

When less than 30 years of age he had not only won for himself a high reputation as journalist and historian, but had also won and held an honored seat in the Fiftieth Congress, of which he was the youngest member; and rare indeed has it been for one so young to gain a seat in that honored body, although it is more than a century old.

In being liberally educated in our best home institutions, JAMES PHELAN laid the foundation for that rare educational

finish to which he afterwards attained in a European university at Leipsic.

Having been educated for the law he commenced its practice at his home in Memphis, but soon turned his attention to journalism and became identified with the Memphis Avalanche, one of the leading and most influential daily papers in the South.

At this early age JAMES PHELAN had premonitions of consumption. He knew the probability of his having inherited that malady which could not be stayed in its gradual consuming. He had seen an only brother wither under its baleful influence at an early age, even until death had given its sting and the grave had won its victory. Instead of yielding to what he and his friends believed to be the inevitable—as is usual with less nervy men—and temporizing under melancholy forebodings, he battled against the enemy as a "strong swimmer in his agony." With undaunted courage he resolved, however short his span of life, to win honors in the race. The time was short, the track rugged, but he entered the list to win. As the result shows, he was a swift courser and attained the goal of high noon while yet the liquid dew glistened in the morning sunlight, leaving his ambitious associates in the distance.

Preceding his election to Congress and during his journalistic career he had gathered together the facts and incidents, the philosophy and politics of Tennessee, and embodied them in history; and he had condensed and simplified that history for the use of the schools of the State, and brought within the grasp of the young, as he scattered the gold dust of knowledge over their budding intellects, the reasons and facts which give value to the past and promise to the future of that great Commonwealth. In this valuable contribution to history, presented in plain, clear, simple, and

cogent style, he has woven most interestingly her leading historic events with the individuality of her heroes who, during their pioneer life, wrought the framework of her organism, along with those who, in later times, have given strength, beauty, and symmetry to her new growth.

Recognizing that all things are possible to well directed labor and that nothing is to be attained without it, that excellence in any department of usefulness can be gained only by the labor of a lifetime, Mr. PHELAN bent every energy of mind and body to the accomplishment of his life's work. With him neither personal comfort nor high station were the chief ends of life, nor was wealth the main object of his ambition.

His early youth having been assiduously devoted to study and the attainment of knowledge, and having in the best of European schools not only diversified, strengthened, and polished that education without losing the American feature of practical usefulness, acquired a ripe knowledge of modern thought, not alone in the ordinary curriculum of an educational course, but by practical everyday observation which comes of strong natural capacity good taste, and assiduity.

The patriot sentiment of his character was strengthened and intensified by the contrasts between his knowledge of the institutions of his country and his observations of those of foreign lands; between the privileged few of European and the broad equality of American society; between the impoverished many of other countries and the happy millions at home. His education in Europe enlarged and elevated his pride and affection for America.

Thus equipped, and standing on the threshold of manhood, he entered the arena of active life at his home in the city of Memphis, where ability and competition was so

marked as to be proverbial. From that moment, notwithstanding the shadow of an early fate overhung him, he bent the energies of his proud spirit for his few remaining years to usefulness and to fame.

Guided by practical philosophy in his high purpose; with manners natural and simple; plain in dress; social but temperate, if not severe, in habits; of direct methods and positive in speech, he deceived no one, and gained ready access to all classes, and the people quickly learned to love him. He tied friends to him as if by a charm. He overrode opposition and soon came to be counted in the front rank, where strong men battled for place. He worshiped at the shrine of friendship with a faith that knew "no variableness nor shadow of turning." Indeed, with him bad faith to friend was an unforgiven crime.

Intrepid self-reliance, unwearied activity, far-reaching sagacity, clearness, and fullness were the prominent mental characteristics which made him the able editor, the accomplished historian, and useful legislator. Tennessee recognized his worth and wealth of character and the fullness of his mental capacity, and conferred upon him high honors. Her generous confidence he requited with a deep and fervent devotion, laying upon her altar the offerings of his youthful but matured years, upholding, upon all occasions, with a lofty patriotism and with all the energies of a scholarly intellect, her rights, her honor, and her prosperity.

Of hopeful temperament, and without ostentation or parade, his spirit was finely touched with the gentler virtues, and those who enjoyed the privilege of social intimacy will remember with delight the unaffected frankness and simplicity of his manners, the varied range and vivacity of his conversation; and they will most deeply deplore the loss of one as remarkable for mildness and the kindliest

affections in his domestic relations and all the intercourse of private life as he was for profound thoughts and rare attainments. It may be truly said of JAMES PHELAN that he not only possessed marked abilities and fine accomplishments, but also a heroic spirit which devoted itself by strenuous efforts, at the cost of life itself, to the accomplishment of great and important ends.

Ability and energy are not always sufficient, for courage and disinterestedness are also needed. These he possessed to an eminent degree. The painful encroachments of wasting disease could not abate the one nor swerve the other. With lofty, definite, and fixed purposes, he bravely pursued his course despite the weakness of body or the terrors of death.

Mr. President, it is not that other men could not or may not have accomplished what JAMES PHELAN did, and more but who has done it at so young an age? Ay, more; who else has done it or would do it at his age, or any age, knowing a fatal disease was preying upon his vitals, with the shadow of death coming nearer and nearer as it flitted before him? This is heroism.

This young and gifted workman of Tennessee now rests from his life's labors, but the fruit of these he left growing and to grow; his early years have been numbered and are ended, but of the activity of his life's labor there is no end. He was the embodiment of courage, will power, and energy; of the thoughtfulness, the glow, and throbbing pulsation of earnest life. He was my friend, and I love to speak of him.

Whether striving for a scholarly prize at academy or university, wielding a journalistic pen, writing the history of his State, appearing before hustings, or holding a seat in Congress, from which he was taken too soon, JAMES PHELAN was always equal to the task. He knew no middle

ground and only ceased effort when he became master of the situation. His sunset was premature, but it was golden. His life was—

Like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close
Is scattered on the ground—to die.

He will sleep in the environs of Elmwood, on the banks of the mightiest of rivers, within the limits of the beautiful and growing city of Memphis, with which he was identified in boyhood and manhood.

He left a noble, accomplished wife, and three little children. His domestic life was of the happiest. Warm tints of delicate coloring blended in his nature and made him soft and tender in his home circle. He sought the salt air of Nassau as a restorative in vain, and was there wooed by the roar of the surf to his last sleep. His family were with him, and to them go out the warm sympathy of our Tennessee people.

'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not "Good night," but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good morning."

I now ask for the adoption of the resolutions submitted by my colleague.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The question is on the adoption of the resolutions.

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously; and the Senate accordingly adjourned until Tuesday, March 3, 1891, at 9.30 o'clock a. m.

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